

Doris Worrell Writes Parents About Travels in South Africa

Globe Tour Includes Stay at Famed Victoria Falls in Rhodesia

Two exceptionally interesting letters were received by Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Worrell early this week from their globe-girdling daughter Doris, who was in South Africa touring Southern Rhodesia. Miss Worrell, who sailed from Galveston, Texas on her world tour, was scheduled to sail from Durban, South Africa on Sept. 16 for Australia.

She arrived in Capetown late in August from visits in Norway, Sweden and Germany. The Worrells have graciously allowed The Herald to publish the following excerpts from her last letters. The first one being from Victoria Falls, Southern Rhodesia and dated August 31 was received here Monday. The second, mailed Sept. 5 from Johannesburg arrived Tuesday.

"Well here I am and it was worth a month's salary to come. The first day out of Capetown I doubted it but not now," Miss Worrell begins her travelogue. "Left Capetown on the 7:15 train Tuesday (Aug. 24) and that itself was an experience. I took second class which meant six people in a compartment. I discovered afterwards. Instead of selling you a ticket with seat and berth numbers, they sell the ticket. When you report to the station platform you have to look up on the chart and find your car number. Then having found your car, you walk along the outside until you find your name posted on the compartment. Mine was 'E'. Next, the baggage goes in the window. Three bunks on each side of the compartment and a wash bowl between the windows comprise the furnishings, then for three pence, a bed roll is brought.

Meets Naval Officer

"I drew two African women at the start and another to board later. One spoke no English. Now there is no love lost between the African and the English. The Africans are a deteriorated left-over of the Dutch from the Boer war—a rather low type as a rule although the younger of the two women seemed pleasant enough. They hustled around and fixed the beds themselves. I went up to the diner to eat and while there the 'Examiner' as he is called, came along and said he would see what he could do for me as he noticed they were not speaking English and he thought it would be very unpleasant. The upshot of it was that he moved the two women out of the next compartment who were getting off early in the morning and I had that big compartment to myself to Bulawayo. Such is the advantage of traveling in the off-season.

"While I was standing in the corridor waiting for the Examiner to go things fixed up and trying to see what I could out the window, an Irishman by the name of Mulligan started talking to me and entertained me most of the two days. He had a big kit of food along and insisted on sharing his fruit with me. He is a lieutenant in H. M. S. Navy but is on plain clothes detail in the Intelligence service. He was headed for Salisbury and that's all he knew as he was to get his orders there.

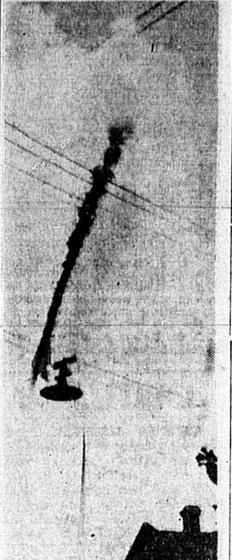
Incessant Service

"The Norwegians are good-hearted and mean to do the right thing but they certainly are lacking in polish and manners. Mr. Mulligan and the others I've contacted certainly showed the difference and it was good to get back among English-speaking and manner people who observe some of the niceties of civilization.

"My main objection to the South Africa railway is the habit of the steward and others have of popping your compartment door open without warning as all the train officials didn't discover the trick of an extra catch which only permits the door to go open about three inches. They come around while you're still in bed to see if you want tea or coffee, then if you do, they bring it; then during the day they keep popping in to ask if you want a meal, then back to say it is served, then to see if you want anything else, then to sell candy, fruit, papers or something else—very energetic lot.

"I stayed up until midnight with the Irishman to watch the train go over the Hex river pass—couldn't see much of the scenery although after the moon came up we could get a faint idea of the depth of the gorge and a good idea of the mountains. But it was interesting to watch the train which had two engines and 16 cars and even so the going was so steep and crooked that we hardly crawled. At times we could look out and see the head engine disappearing around one curve before the back came in sight and then again we were

Flaming Death



Spiraling to earth after being struck by anti-aircraft fire the Japanese plane shown above cuts a weird figure in the sky over Shanghai as it plunges to earth. It is shown as it strikes light waves above the city streets.

looped around like a snake and at one place the train nearly doubled back on itself.

Stops in Kimberley

"Here and there we could make out vineyards in a small clearing but for the most part it was rocky walls and ground. This portion of the trip is famous in South Africa for its railroad twists. The first day we traveled all day thru rather monotonous desert—some mountains, little sage brush and grass and occasional herds of cattle. But for the most part not much except vastness—no natives, no animals, nothing.

"We arrived at Kimberley about 8:15 p. m. and had an hour there. So the Irishman and I fairly raced thru the whole business section in that hour and had time to spare. Saw all the churches, the main streets, a carnival in full swing and all kinds of people from those in full evening dress coming from hotels to the natives in their nondescript clothes. The most unusual thing we saw was the black mirror over the sidewalk of a drygoods store or 'basar' as it is called here. Everything was reflected that was going on on the sidewalk.

"Kimberley is devoid of sidewalks except for a few blocks on the main streets. The street is better walking as the walks are so dusty. The three main churches of South Africa are High Episcopal, Dutch Reform and Catholic in the order named but Kimberley had a nice Methodist church. There is a good sized convent and Catholic hospital and nursing school there. The stores looked small-townish.

Natives in Colorful Rags

"The Irishman belongs to the Capetown hiking club so we figured by the way we hiked over Kimberley we saw more than most of the other passengers. The second day was more interesting. We began to see native kraals and native children would come running along side begging for food or clothing or anything. You should see the clothing and they get-ups. They look much better in native costume which isn't much but becomes them better.

"Some had on shirts and a loin cloth, anything and everything—ladies' lace boudoir caps and crocheted boudoir caps, stocking caps, old felt hats, helmets, aviator caps and the more varied the color combination the better. Some of the rags were so badly tattered I don't see how they were kept on. Saw one with a R. R. official's coat—they say it will be worn until nothing is left.

"Babies are carried on mothers' backs astraddle, held in place with a blanket. Have seen women carrying huge bundles on their heads with the babies strapped on their backs. If it is a good native, he puts out

both hands to receive but if not—just one—then beware. Quite small girls carried smaller babies who wear nothing sometimes but generally a loin cloth as do the older ones.

Hears American Song

"As we got further north we began to see native art, wood-carving and skins and pottery. You should see a native boy pacing a train that is rapidly picking up speed, talking all the time to sell his wares. I judged one was making 20 or 25 miles an hour and apparently not winded at all altho he ran a long distance. They say they can in an emergency run for three days without food or water. For ordinary message, a boy is given a mouth organ, his pass, the message and he starts out playing on the mouth organ to set a rhythm for his feet. Even the little fellows are good runners. The country is more interesting—more trees and variety and we begin to see the big ant-hills.

"The huts are round, thatched with straw. They cook outdoors, squatting before the fire. In the evening we stopped at a fair-sized town where some fairly well dressed youngsters were about—only about 10 years old came up to the platform and wanted a penny to sing a song so we told him to go ahead. And what do you suppose he sang? 'Three Blind Mice'! We got him to sing a native song and by the time he was thru he had turned into a quartet.

Arrives in Bulawayo

"The piece de resistance of the R. R. experience was at 5 a. m. the next morning. We were due at Bulawayo at 7:30 a. m. which is port of entry for Rhodesia. Nobody said anything about immigration officials. I was sleeping the sleep of the just when I finally became conscious of a terrific clatter and a woman yelling: 'Open the door—open the door—immigration inspector!' I had on the aforementioned lock and she was sliding the door back and forth with a terrible din. She was making so much racket that I couldn't make her hear to tell her I was coming.

"I was so tangled up in my bedroll it took me a few moments to extricate myself and I was still only half awake. I had to satisfy her that I had a ticket out of the country and a passport.

"Arrived in Bulawayo, I was taken thru 'customs' without trouble and to the Palace hotel where I had a good, much-needed bath for I had been a most dirty trip—soot and dust all over and hot the second day. After breakfast I was driven out to Matapos where Cecil Rhodes is buried. Saw also one of the caves where the Bushmen paintings are and also explored an old native abandoned kraal and grainery. The last two things were not on the regular route but the driver was accommodating.

Over-sized Bathrooms

"After lunch I washed my white shirt and other clothing and hung them out on the balcony. They came after my luggage sooner than I expected so I had to put some of my stuff in my raincoat pocket wet. Took the night train for the Falls and arrived here this morning and took a seven-mile walk. The Falls are about three miles from here and the bridge about two and one-half miles from where you can see them. If the wind is right the spray may be seen and tell 60 miles away.

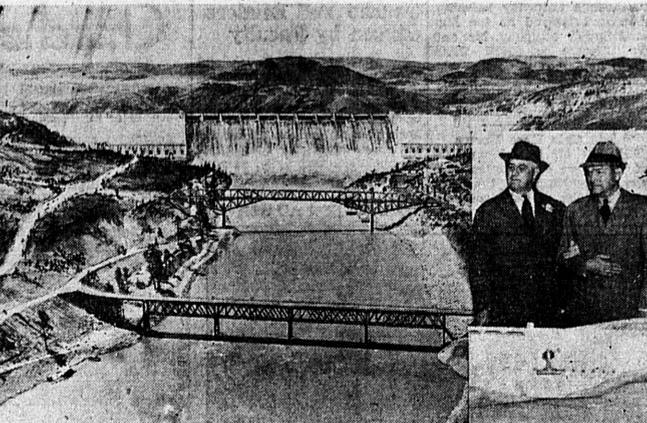
"The hotel is just a few steps from the R. R. station—is a railway hotel in fact and very nice—built on a sort of patio plan. I have a room at the far end with a mosquito netting canopy over the bed, full length mirror but no running water in the room. However, that's not much inconvenience as a native bath boy is in constant attendance. Just say 'bath' and he gets the tub ready—and what tubs in this country! All are six feet or more—one can nearly swim in them.

"They don't have much imagination when it comes to salads here—potato salad, beets, whole tomatoes is the usual fare and I think I should write a chapter on 'Cauliflower in Seven Languages' or something of the sort for I know I've had cauliflower served every meal since I left Hamburg except for breakfast.

Unique 'Rain Forest'

"Now for the Falls: This is the dry season—about the middle of it so the river is going down rapidly. However, they say it is a good time to see them because at the height of the season the spray is so heavy that it entirely conceals the Falls. The natives call them the 'Smoke-that-thunders.' They are much longer than I thought and very vast as everything is in this country. Above the Falls the river (the Zambezi) is quite wide, placid and dotted with

Roosevelt Envisions Great Things for Boulder Dam



President Roosevelt with his military aide, Colonel E. M. Watson, is shown in insert at the lower right as he spoke to workmen and residents at Grand Coulee Dam in Eastern Washington prior to returning to the East. He predicted great accomplishments for the dam when it is completed and looks like the combined artist sketch and photograph shown above.

islands. I took a launch trip eight miles up the river. Sometimes you can see hippos but we only saw a few crocodile and birds.

"The trip itself is lovely as everything is green along the water's edge. A short distance inland everything is dry. There are palms which have a nut on them which the natives carve, called vegetable ivory. Another tree from which cream of tartar is made—can't think of the name of it. Along the water are high grasses and jungle growths. The monkey-vines are twisted around trees and hanging from branches. We got off at Kandahar Island and walked around. The natives made tea and served cookies. The monkeys came down to be treated and one greedy old fellow jumped up on the table and grabbed a cake right out of my hand.

"Along the gorge opposite the falls is the 'Rain Forest' so-called because the spray comes down like rain. Mornings and evenings there are generally beautiful rainbows from one side to the other. The gorge is quite narrow and after the falls the river is very twisty. Yesterday I hiked down the East Cataract, the Knife Edge and thru Rain Forest. In the afternoon took the bus to Livingstone and looked around the museum. There are only 11,000 Europeans in Northern Rhodesia and 700 in Livingstone since the capital was moved. As I write I can hear the Falls roaring away. When I first came I thought it was a train so they sound much louder sometimes than others. The spray goes up in a cloud, quite high at times and can be seen for miles.

Not Negroes—Natives

"On the way to Livingstone there is a small game preserve, saw wildebeests, zebra, ant but no giraffes altho there are some there. While out hiking yesterday I came across two little girls with babies strapped on their backs. One had no front teeth so I thought she had lost her baby teeth and not gotten her second ones yet but the man at Livingstone said it was the custom among the Barotse tribe to knock out the front teeth so that they would not have what is known as 'zebra teeth.' Further north, the teeth are filed to a point.

"It is very difficult to judge the age of these natives. They are never called negroes up here—always native or 'munt'—a shortening of the native word for 'person'. For souvenirs I bought a native musical instrument, a teakwood elephant and bird and a few cocktail picks of ivory—not for the cocktail part but the carving on the heads. Tomorrow I leave. From here I go to Johannesburg and then to Kruger national park and then sail from Durban."

Foods For County Institutions Must Stand Inspection

All vegetables and perishables sold to Los Angeles county institutions must pass inspection by an employee of the health department who determines its fitness for human consumption, under a plan now in operation. Creation of an inspection division in the county purchasing department is therefore unnecessary, the bureau of budget and efficiency reported to the board of supervisors. The health department inspector determines whether it is of the required grade and standard.

Ornamental Light Standards Painted

Ornamental light standards in the business district are being re-painted by city workers this week. The base is receiving a black coat while the remainder of the standard gleams with fresh aluminum paint.

Parling Fines Mount

CLEVELAND (U.P.)—Success of Cleveland's new "non-fix" traffic tickets was indicated by the 30 per cent increase in payments of parking violation fines

Crenshaw Boulevard Here Being Graded

A city street department crew is now grading what was formerly known as Cypress street between 190th and 182nd street. The artery's name was formally changed several months ago by the city council to Crenshaw boulevard to conform with the remainder of its route. The street work is being done north of the General Petroleum Corporation's refinery during the first half-month.

U. S. Cuts Cloth Into 6-Yard Strips For 143d Yearly Gift to Six Nations

WASHINGTON, (U.P.)—Uncle Sam's Indian officials sharpened their scissors today to cut 52,700 of brightly colored gingham and percale into six-yard strips for gifts to 2,000 dependents of the Six Nations under the country's oldest armistice agreement.

The custom arose 143 years ago on Nov. 11, when the treaty was negotiated between chieftains of the Six Nations and the Federal government. By coincidence, Nov. 11 is the date of the Armistice.

The 1794 accord, which is irrevocable, was designed to preserve the "perpetual peace and friendship" of the Indians. Technically, the Indians could "take the warpath" if payments are not made. But the Federal government intends to continue them and counts the Indians as among its best friends.

With Great Ceremony

The original treaty provided for \$4,500 of annual payments in cash, cloth, farming implements or other means. Descendants of the great warriors in New York state like their share in cloth as a "badge of their indianship" rather than the cash value, Bureau of Indian Affairs officials said. So they collect their bounties each year in six yard strips of cloth.

The Oneidas, who were included in the original agreement, moved from New York state to Wisconsin. They take the remaining \$1,800 in cash. It amounts to 50 or 60 cents per person.

Each year, the cloth payments are made through the bureau's branch office at Salamanca, N. Y. The Indians with great ceremony stream from the building

Women Benefit

Miss Evelyn Pierce, who draws her six yards of cloth annually because of her Indian ancestry and who now is employed in the Department of Interior, said that the distribution has "been going on as long as I can remember."

"It may have been the male chieftains who signed the original treaty," she said. "But we women are having the last laugh. Flowered percale is not so hot for shirts so the modern man has to give it to his wife for dresses."

Co. Crops Escape Heat Damage

Only a few crops were injured severely by the abnormally hot weather the middle of September, which came after harvest of most summer fruits and vegetables, according to a crop survey made by the county agricultural department at the opening of October.

The end of the tomato season was hastened in the south end of the county but in the San Fernando Valley the fall crop escaped except for varying amounts of sunburn on most advanced patches. Practically all of the tomatoes harvested in the valley up to the end of September went to canneries.

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NEWSPAPER WEEK OCTOBER 4-10